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mellow, yet dazzling light of the golden hues of the sun. The majesty of the temples, the statues of bronze and marble, the offerings of sacred vessels and tridents, representing victorious steeds and chariots of war, all worked in brilliant metals—these and many more monuments and objects of beauty lend additional enchantment. Soaring above them all, in the middle, on the left, is the gigantic work of Phidias, the bronze statue of Athena Promachus, seventy feet high. Raising the shield with her left hand, and swinging the spear in her right, the goddess hovers round her oldest temple, in an attitude ever ready for the battle, and well becoming her character as protectress. This old temple is the Erechtheum of the Athena Polias, which rises a few steps behind with its imposing columns and hall of Caryatides. But, eclipsing all the other works of art, is the new temple of the maiden goddess, situated on the right, and upon the highest elevation of the Acropolis. This is the temple of Athena Parthenos, the master work of Phidias, the ideal temple of the most accomplished period of Attic art, the gorgeous Parthenon, the column-bounded Parthenon, like an ancient venerable oak, in a dense array of countless trees.

To the Parthenon! To the Parthenon! This is the watch-word of the procession. To the Parthenon is turned its mighty front, dividing to the right and to the left, circumnavigating the wondrous building in an elliptic circle, so as to make the first ranks of the procession fall in at the eastern part of the Parthenon. On looking up to the many works of art which in every direction surrounded the frieze of the temple, the people behold a representation of the procession in which they are themselves engaged. The genius of Phidias has thus immortalized the festival of the Panathenæa in marble, upon a ground illuminated with countless colors. The people are filled with joy, admiration, and enthusiasm. Soon they raise up their voices in sacred songs, celebrating the great sacrifice which is made in honor of the goddess upon the altar in front of the temple. At the close of this ceremony, and after the dedication of the new Peplus, and of other offerings to the goddess, is the great popular banquet, for which the festive hecatombs (a sacrifice of a hundred oxen or cattle) sent forth their victims from all parts of Attica.

WOMAN, according to John Schulze, was created exclusively for the terrestrial paradise; she alone was appointed to dwell there, she and all her feminine descendants, in the enjoyment of perfect happiness, surrounded by flowers and ever listening to the music of birds. Man was allowed to enter Paradise solely for the sake of posterity. But woman, naturally good and sympathetic, yearned for the privilege of sharing the labor of him whom God had created to be her servant; she accordingly entreated permission to leave this realm of delight, in order to devote herself to the happiness of man, and serve him forever more. So great self-denial moved the All-powerful; and, as a recompense for this abnegation, he endowed woman with the art of ruling her new master without his being able to perceive her control.—Translated for "The Crayon."

THE SEWING-BIRD.

SWAYED the red and white verbenas

By the wind unstirred;

'Twas the magic of her singing—

Little Sewing-bird!

Downward leaned one heavy rosebud

Till it kissed her hair;

And a wreath of shadowed leaflets

Crowned her forehead fair.

When the lilac's balm-clusters

All the air would fill;

When the white doves cooed of summer

On the window-sill;

When the door upon its hinges

Swung the whole day long,

Out upon the sunny breezes

Poured the maiden's song.

Through the smoky days of autumn;

Through the winter-time,

When the Northern Light fell coldly

On the twinkling rime;

You could hear her through the window

That the frost had blurred,

In beside the fire-light singing—

Little Sewing-bird.

Some one heard her there a-singing,—

Some one going by;

Some one through the white pane glinted

With a wistful eye.

Some one lingered till the robins

Did their tune begin,

And the door again swung open;

Then he ventured in.

With his lordly heart a-flutter,

Some one said, "I think,

'Tis a sweeter song than linnet,

Wren, or bob-o-link

Ever made; and I will win her

With a cunning word;

Woo and win her for her music,—

Little Sewing-bird!"

Like a beautiful canary

In a cage of gold;

Rocked in wealth, the cottage-singer

Now her wings may fold.

Never more a stitch of sewing;

Nothing but to sing:

Oh! the idle days are weary!

She's a home-sick thing!

Some one listening for a carol,

Only hears her say,

"Merry songs and merry stitches

Used to wing the day;

Singing with my busy shadow

Sewing on the floor;

Singing while the busy robins

Hopped around the door.

"There's no flower like those verbenas
Nodding on the sill.
There's no fire like those red oak-leaves,
Blazing clear and still!
Mate, or master! of my singing
All the best was heard
In my cottage-nest—a busy
Little Sewing-bird!"

LUOY LAROOM.

THE LIFE OF A YOUNG MAN.

Translated for THE CRAYON from the French of STAHL.

I.

We are almost certain of being contradicted when we declare that, among the number of false ideas to which common experience has had to do justice, we rank this assertion, so contestable, and yet so little contested, namely, that the life of a young man is the most beautiful life that we can imagine; and that of all the phases through which our being runs, from its commencement to its end, there is none which can be compared to it.

II.

Every truth has a prejudice for its natural enemy. A truth which has to make its way in the world, has therefore to be aware that its place is already occupied; and that before diffusing its growing charms to our view, it must prove that the charms of its enemy are more brilliant than solid; and this once done, banish it if you can.

Now, to undertake such a thing is more easy than to succeed in it; and if we only give ourselves the trouble to reflect, that truth generally stands alone, that it is quite transparent, that it is cold, and that it comes from the bottom of a well, whilst every prejudice sheltering itself under the axiom, "possession is nine points of the law," can conceal itself, cloak itself, and assume its most favorable appearance;—it may thus be understood how the poor goddess Truth repeatedly conquered and discouraged, falls again to the bottom of this well—its only place of refuge—before proclaiming itself triumphant.

Besides, you may be assured, if we are in the field, we will be against Truth, and on the side of its adversary. The reason for this is simple: Truth is independent of us, Error, on the contrary, belongs to us, is peculiar to us; in defending it we defend our work; it is our child, it is ourselves that we defend.

III.

The history of prejudices and of the singular causes which, in giving them currency, have given them almost everywhere the advantage over truth, would undoubtedly be an interesting history; we have, therefore, had the curiosity to ascertain who could have originated that which

we signalize; who gave rise to that beautiful reputation which the world has bestowed upon the life of a young man; in short, who could have sustained it so well, that even while we assail it, we hope that we are not in the right.

After having convinced ourselves that this prejudice, although it seemed to be admitted by all, was, nevertheless, only proclaimed by a small number, and that this small number did not include young men themselves (who were, nevertheless, the only good judges in the matter), we have come to the conclusion, and that too, with a certain satisfaction, that its disciples were only to be found in that less numerous class, and certainly the least estimable one of our species, which legislators, for want of a title, in order to give them a place in the human family, have designated by the appellation of *bachelors*.

Now we are so easily cajoled, that this fraction of egotistical individuals, who have no link or bond of union with any one, who, out of the human affections only monopolize that which belongs to others, whose sole object is to appear perpetually young; yet, who, notwithstanding all this, and perhaps for this very reason (so true it is that the indifferent rule) have a considerable influence in the appreciation of things here below.

If bachelors are to be believed (and who else, indeed, but they, who are necessarily advocates of a bachelor's life, and who are natural enemies to family life, could have been interested in propagating such an error?) this period of life must be the hope of youth, and the paradise lost of old age; the sun itself would be deficient in colors rich enough to paint the delights of this golden age; the May-month of life would be like the May-month of the calendar, strewn with flowers and roses without thorns; each one of its passing moments would have the evanescence, the charm, the volatility, and the wings of an invisible butterfly; a young man's heart would be always full of perpetually new melodies, his eyes full of constantly fascinating images, and his mind uninterruptedly cradled in delightful utopias.

IV.

Thus, then, to be young, oh, good citizen! respected chief! that is to say, to be as thou thyself hast been, namely, a shopkeeper's clerk, on a poor salary, cleaning window-panes, opening shutters, breakfasting on a penny roll of bread, taking, in some infectious hole, a twelve-cent dinner by the side of a third rate play-ticket vender, getting in debt, while destitute of everything, on account of an imprudently smoked cigar, or for a small cup of coffee lost at dominoes, or else to be the miserable clerk of a lawyer, a notary—what shall I say?—of a bailiff! Alas! this is happiness; it is not difficult to become convinced of it.

To be young, oh, poet of the future! whose distracted muse struggles in vain amid torrents of ink; to suffer with hunger, with thirst, with envy perhaps—worse than hunger or thirst; to run after phantoms; to have nothing to die for, nothing to sing for; to call without being listened to,